MARTIN CANNON
8211 Owensmouth Avenue #206
Canoga Park, CA 91304

Don Ecker
c/o UFO magazine
POB 355
Los Angeles, CA 90035

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Dear Don,

I've now had some time to think through the rather bizarre melodrama in which both you and I recently (and, apparently, quite inadvertantly) played a part, and I'd like to offer some clarifying comments and speculations. The details of the following may well prove a tad tedious; I apologize beforehand. I don't get threats every day, so naturally, this matter has dominated my thoughts -- besides, the potential legal implications require the fullest possible explanation of events.

Please note: I am structuring this letter in such a way that you can feel free to pass it to anyone who cares to examine it. Thus, I shall refer to the abductee in question as "Veronica." She has allowed me to use her real name, but, now that I've had some time to ponder the matter, I suspect that she may have given this permission rashly.

The situation is as follows:

On Saturday, July 28, sometime in the early afternoon, I recieved a telephone call from Veronica, an alleged "UFO abductee" whose case I once studied. She had passed out of ufology about a year-and-a-half previous, and had even gone so far as to change her number. Neither I nor anyone in the field had this new number. Thus, I was quite surprised to hear her voice.

Veronica told me that she had received a threatening telephone call in which my name was mentioned. She screens nearly all of her calls; thus, the threat was preserved on oxide.

The message was: *"You tell your friend Martin Cannon don't fuck with UFO magazine, or he ain't gonna have no knees."*

Later that day, Veronica drove to my house and gave me the mini-cassette from her answering machine. We both felt that there was some possibility that the voice could be yours. You seemed, at any rate, the logical choice, insofar as your association with UFO magazine is well-known. Besides, few other people knew "Veronica"'s real name, or that I was involved with her.

At this point, I must note one further detail -- and please understand, Don, that I mention this not out of animosity or spite: I'm simply trying to give you a picture of "where my head was at."

A few days before this telephone threat, an acquaintance passed along the story that you had gotten drunk at the MUFON meeting in Pensacola, Florida, and had loudly badgered those around you on some

point in ufology. This behavior became so unruly that those in the immediate vicinity felt compelled to leave.

I accepted this story as mere gossip -- worth a smirk, but really quite unimportant. (So what if you're the sort who gets contentious in his cups? Big deal. My best friend gets *sentimental* after he's had a few, which can actually prove a great deal more irritating.) However, after receiving the telephone threat, the stories floating out of Pensacola took on a more ominous overtone.

So you can imagine my state of mind. I really thought you had gone off the deep end.

I frantically called a number of individuals in ufology and attempted to ascertain why it was that you had suddenly decided that I was "fucking" with UFO magazine, and whether or not it was true that you had become violent. I also just needed to talk to people -- because I was, frankly, quite upset.

It is well-known that we don't like each other, and have passed through a period of mutual mistrust. But, honestly -- I *never* thought you were crazy or stupid, and whoever left that message on that machine must have been both. That's why a part of me hesitated to blame you for the incident, even though everything seemed to point to you.

I admit that I was afraid to confront you directly - I feared that you had somehow attained a psychological state similar to that displayed by a major character in *Sophie's Choice*; one wrong word, I felt, could make you reach for your 12-guage. But I knew that before I undertook possible legal action, I had to confirm whether you actually sent that message to Veronica. Thus, I used Sherrie Stark as an intermediary. (My apologies to Sherrie if I sounded distressed over the telephone.)

I am very grateful you called me, and I am now convinced that you bear no responsibility for the message on Veronica's answering machine. Although your voice is similar to that on the microcassette, the match is not identical. The fact that you were initially unsure as to who had recieved the call convinced me of your innocence.

I feel ashamed, used, and deeply angry. Somebody set me up, but good. And that same somebody also set *you* up. You were, in a word, framed.

So who is the framer?

Over the telephone, you stated that your expose of M.W. Cooper -- and I demand that all ufologists henceforward refer to this gentleman as "Milton" -- had resulted in several similarly disturbing messages being left on your answering machine. As you know, both you and I have disbelieved this man's lies, and our opposition to Milton apparently put us both on his "enemies list."

Besides, only someone like Milton -- whose mental state arguably warrants professional exmination -- would attampt such an astonishing

scheme. For these and other reasons, I share your suspicion that Miltie's our man.

Other evidence pointing to Cooper includes the following:

1. Upon consideration of the matter, I now find it entirely feasible that Milton Cooper might have got wind of my relationship to Veronica. Although I have attempted never to use Veronica's real name in public discussion, I have mentioned her name to other abductees. At that period of time, Veronica expressed an interest in meeting other abductees, and I made sporadic attempts to set up these meetings. Veronica also had established abductee acquaintances previous to her working relationship with me.

These other abductees may well have drifted into Milton's circle of informants. In fact, I know of one who did. This person even set up a UFO-oriented conference in 29-Palms at which Milton spoke.

It is entirely conceivable that this abductee could have learned Veronica's new telephone number through a telephone company referral.

Thus, Milton may well have gained access to the information. If he learned Veronica's real name through some indiscretion on my part, I will, of course, be mortified. I am fully aware that an investigator of these matters can commit no greater error than to betray confidences.

2. I recently learned, much to my chagrin, that Milton has used my name in recent public pronouncements. At the so-called "Freedom Fest" in Nevada, held just a couple of weeks ago, he mentioned my name as a "respected investigator." I have been given to understand that he has made similar claims in his CAJI newsletter. There also remains the disturbing possibility that he has gained access to a private letter I wrote to another party. This letter was written to another individual at a time when I was rather furious about Vicki's asinine libel that I am some sort of Bolshie spy. (Incidentally, an apology on that score would go a long way toward smoothing over rough waters. But I won't press the issue.)

* * *

This turn of events has me entirely perplexed. Just a few months ago, Milton told one Lars Hanson that he (Cooper) had obtained "a file" on Martin Cannon which would expose me once and for all. I haven't the vaguest idea as to what this file contains, but I'd be interested in finding out. More than likely, this so-called file consists of 9/10ths hallucination on Milton's part.

Let me, for the record, recount in tiresome detail my encounters with Bill Cooper:

1. Not long after I discovered that Vicki had made back-stabbing, slanderous remarks alleging that the odious KGB was my secret employer (see where your paranoia got you, Vicki? *Never do that again*! To anyone! Because those underhanded tactics only serve to push other peo-

ple's paranoia buttons), I heard from a source that one Milton Cooper had evidence that UFO magazine was a CIA front. I thought I'd give Milton a call and hear what he had to say. After only a few minutes, I discerned that Miltie didn't have, you should pardon the expression, crap.

2. I attended the 29 Palms UFO meeting (which I did not much enjoy) to hear Miltie's spiel. He went on about the Rothschilds and a dreadful secret society known as the Illuminati.

Afterward, I confronted him at a nearby restaurant and told him that his allegations regarding the so-called Illuminati were nonsensical, that no such organization exists, that all the rumors surrounding this putative conspiratorial group constituted a hoax promulgated by right-wing hate-mongers who, in the post-war world, decided to replace the legend of (the) "Elders of Zion" with a less-overtly racist myth.

Cooper replied that the Illuminati really *do* exist -- after all, he had read about them in those documents he saw in 1972. He assured me that if I researched the matter, I would discover the truth of his allegations.

But I already *had* researched the matter, at the Library of Congress and elsewhere. Then and there, I decided that Milton Cooper was a bald-faced scamster who was using UFO-oriented stories to garner an audience for his dubious political philosophy, which can be traced directly to the odiferous bleatings of (the) Liberty Lobby, the John Birch Society, and similarly questionable groups.

3. Not long after that (I can't recall the date) I publicly raised questions about Milton's veracity on the "Something's Happening" radio program, broadcast Wednesday nights on KPFK FM in Los Angeles. A short while previously, this program had broadcast Cooper's Las Vegas speech. I knew that Cooper would probably be listening to this broadcast, which I offered as a necessary corrective of his spew. As far as I know, this broadcast represented Milton's first public denouncement.

I have consistently, albeit cautiously, raised questions about Milton's stories during my radio and lecture appearances. I regret only the caution.

4. Shortly thereafter, Tal LeVesque called me and said that Milton Cooper was now involved with the Christic Institute, a public-interest law firm which has recently filed charges against several individuals involved in the Iran-Contra scam. This news disturbed me. Although I am not a member of the Institute, I support its work. Any connection with Cooper, I felt, would seriously discredit the good work of that organization.

I wrote to Daniel Sheehan, chief counsel of the Christic Institute, and told him what I had heard. "Tell me it ain't so!" I begged.

He replied that it *wasn't* so. What had occured was this:

Sheehan and Cooper happened to "run into" each other on the Carol Hemingway radio program. Cooper asserted that he had documents *proving* that George Bush ran drugs for the CIA in 1963, using Zapata oil as a cover. Sheehan never bought Cooper's wild allegations about aliens, but the remark about incriminating documents concerning the President did intrigue him.

Shortly thereafter, Wayne Nelson (Sheehan's brother-in-law) showed up at Cooper's house, and asked to see the documents. Milton wouldn't divulge any proof for his claims. Nelson left empty-handed and unimpressed.

(Milton's story about George Bush's drug-running probably stems from reports in the *Nation* magazine and elsewhere detailing some rather good evidence suggesting that Mr. Bush labored on behalf of CIA in the early '60s. The allegation is, in my opinion, believable but unproven. The drug-running charge strikes me as pure fantasy -- though as a lifelong Democrat, I have sometimes *wished* it were true!)

So the Cooper-Christic connection proved a tad flimsy. But:

Based on this one meeting with Wayne Nelson, Cooper began bragging of his "ties" to the Institute, leading the audience to believe that Daniel Sheehan had bestowed his imprimatur on Cooper's doings. When Sheehan learned (via my letter and others) of this situation, he wrote to Cooper and told him not to associate himself in any way with the Christic Institute.

Whereupon Milton began telling audiences that the Christic Institute was a communist front, and that its evil agents had been tailing him and generally impeding his "noble" efforts.

5. At the 1990 Los Angeles Whole Life Expo, I was feeling a bit bold, so I buttonholed Milton after his lecture and asked him (in front of witnesses) whether it was true that the Christic Institute was harassing him. He asked who I was. I replied: "You know me, Bill" -- in those times, I would call him Bill -- "I'm Martin Cannon. We've spoken previously."

He became furious, and started screaming that both the Christic Institute *and* myself were harassing him. His face reddening, his veins popping, his voice bellowing at an ear-drum-puncturing decibel level, he ranted that if I didn't stop sticking my nose into his business, he would "cut it off." He repeated that phrase over and over. "You don't know what you're getting into here," he said. "Stick your nose in my business, and I'll cut it off."

I took this as a threat. (I later learned he'd seen copies of my Sheehan correspondence.)

Nevertheless, I continued to criticise him. Recently, I interviewed Robert Groden, the expert in the photographic evidence in the Kennedy assassination, in order to debunk Cooper's inane claims that JFK was shot by his driver, William Greer. A transcript of this interivew is included in this package.

So there, in nauseating detail, you have it -- the sum total of my involvement with the saga of Milton. I do *not* want to be associated with Milton Cooper, and I deeply regret any attempt on his part to capitalize on my disagreement with you as a means of discrediting your excellent expose.

If that puling, prevaricating package of swine-puss made, or caused to be made, the threatening telephone call to Veronica, I shall insist on a legal remedy. That call frightened me tremendously. (My knees may not be the prettiest in the world, but I've always been rather fond of them. You might say that we're attached.)

Moreover, that call terrified Veronica. Whatever the truth of her experiences (and I remain perplexed by much of her story), one thing is certain: That woman has had one miserably tough row to hoe in life, and she doesn't deserve any further crap..

If Cooper made that call, it represents the most unconscionable act yet committed by someone who specializes in unconscionable acts. Milton is a buncombe-spouter, a schemer, a shifty scamster touting an unbelievable hoax and an emetic ideology. Anybody who accepts the yarn that he saw GRUDGE 13 would probably also believe that Elvis helps Santa deliver toys at Christmas.

You may use any part of this letter in any way you think best if doing so will help stop Milton's supremely-annoying falsehoods and plots. You may also use any or all of the enclosed interview with Robert Groden. (If you plan to go into Cooper's inane Kennedy story at all, a few well-chosen quotes from Groden should prove extremely helpful. An interview with Lars Hanson is also a must.)

Don, I know we've not gotten along in with each other in the past. We'll probably not get along with each other in the future. But for now: I apologise for any distressful things I may have said to you or Vicki. I mean that sincerely. I will happily offer you any assistance I can in any effort to discredit that lying, wounding windbag. Moreover, I will work with *anyone* who is laboring toward that goal. Hell -- I would commit an unnatural act with your Aunt Fanny's Dachshund in the middle of the Rose Bowl during a network broadcast, if doing so could somehow help expose that miserable recreant's perfidy.

I hope my feelings are clear. Sorry, again, for the length of this essay, but in order to prevent any misunderstanding, I felt it best to include all possible details.

I am ashamed I almost fell for that melodramatic telephone threat, which, obviously, was an attempt to goad me into action against you. I would advise you to exercise caution: Milton has, apparently, undertaken formidable legal risks in order "get" you. He'll probably try again.

You're doing an excellent job of telling the truth about malicious Milton. If ever you want or need my help in this labor, rest assured that you have a comrade. So to speak.

—Martin Cannon

P.S. YOU MAY ALSO WANT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT COOPER, IN HIS LECTURES, PUSHES AN ANTI-SEMITIC RAG CALLED "THE SPOTLIGHT."